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CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE AND SARAH DILLWYN.

PHILADA. 10 mo: 27, 1771—9 oclock
1st Day morns.

MY DEAR SALLY:

Notwithstanding we came down Time enough to see our dear Aunt Morris alive, yet we are not much too soon here to pay the last office of Respect to her Remains. She died at about 11 OClock of 6 Day Night nothing very remarkable attending her Departure, unless it was a Continuance of the sweet Peace which had been the Companion of her Spirit for some Time before, & wch indeed did not forsake in the awful approach of Death, but was with her "always to the End." . . . . . It is proposed to bury her Tomorrow afternoon, & to meet at the House at 2 oclock. It wd be well if there is Time to send a general Note to the few particular Friends of the Family if it is not already done by way of Invitation; not forgetting Jonathan Guest's & Thos Powell's Families who are Relations. . . . . .

GEORGE DILLWYN.

RAHWAY 8 mo: 17th 1777.

MY DEAREST CREATURE:

Thro' a desolated Country we arrived here Yesterday to dinner, without any Interruption. The first Night we lodged a mile or two on this side Bordentown, at Marmaduke Watson's, where our Number made 47, in addition to 43 Soldiers quartered upon them for about a Week past, & the time of their continuance unknown. We stop'd at Isaac Clark's to breakfast, the next day spent an Hour or two at Benjamin's & Saml Worth's, dined in Prince Town at Joseph Horner's & passing over a Bridge a little above Brunswick, reached a Friend's (who has suffer'd much from the Armys) at about 9 at night & were rec'd with much

Kindness. Hence we came here (about 14 miles) thro' open Fields & here & there ruined Houses, affording a melancholy Contrast to the Appearance of Opulence & Plenty which this part of the Country was remarkable for, when I was in it before. Rahway (having been many times in the Hands of both Parties) has the fewest marks of Ruin in it of any Place on this side Burlington; but it has been often violently threatened with Destruction. They are at present very quiet, tho' only 4 or 5 miles from Staten Island, where the King's Troops are encamped.

I left my Buckles at home, & have been obliged to borrow. Please to put them in my Chest. We have been much favor'd in respect to our Horses. We overtook Cornell Stevenson 4 miles from Burlington, with W^m^ Jones, in the Waggon, & they eased us of our Saddlebags, which they brought all the way to this Place. I suppose this will go by their Return. I propose to send back one Shirt by them as unnecessary, & burthensome to my Horse, tho' he has performed very well, & is much approved of by my Fellow-travellers.

20^th^ We are now about setting out for Planefield Monthly Meeting. Thence, intend for Mendem, & so on thro' the Great Meadows & drown'd Lands, towards New Windsor, (or Peek's Kill) at the North River. Our Minds are preserved in Stilness . . . . The Comp^a^ of our dear Friends Sam^l^ Emlen, W^m^ Jones, Henry Drinker, Cornwel, his Wife & Daughter, all from our own Neighbourhood, has been very pleasant to Benj^a^ & me. . . . . Tell my dear Brother & Sister Moore, Aunt Rachel, Brother C. & M. Moore, Brother Wells, Sister Wells & Sister Morris (when you write to Philad^a^) & Father Worrall, Mother & our own Nancy & Sukey & Children at home, they are now present in a lively manner to my Remembrance. . . . Don't forget me to dear Edward Cathrall, Neighbour Harris, Neighbour Smith, Ann Hume, Widow Ferguson's afflicted Daughter, & Jenny Burling, with whom I sympathize. . . . . I have altered my mind & keep the Shirt.

GEORGE DILLWYN.

LONDON 1st mo 3rd 1785.

[To HANNAH MOORE, Philadelphia.]

. . . . . I made my home at our dear W. D's till the 11th mo 29th last, when, receiving a note from my G. D. in London informing that S. E. and himself had a prospect of being in & abt the City . . . . and that he had taken lodgings for us at a worthy friend's house (Adey & Martha Bellamy's) No. 10 in the Poultry, I accordingly came to Town that even'g in Br W. D's charriot. The house is 4 stories high with conveniencies of water &c upstairs. . . . They are a kind good spirited couple. . . . S. Fisher can tell thee all abt them. . . . . They are a happy couple without children, . . . with one niece abt 15, a modest handy girl, whom they call my waiting maid, one woman servant, & 2 obliging lads being an apprentice & clerk. . . . We have a lodging room, & under it a handsome parlor with a fire lighted in it every day, & a kitchen on the same floor . . . . with a fine large cistern of water. . . . . I'm so incog. that I can rub out Caps & nobody the wiser. It's true London is a most sad dirty smutty place to live in, but . . . the inexpressible satisfaction of havs my poor G. D. with me of an evns & often accompanying him to meetings makes up for all that's disagreeable. . . . . While I was writing this morns Jos. Norris paid me a little visit, I think it's the 4th time he has been here. . . . . I told him my dear Sisr Moore used to call him her boy & that I should claim a share of him on that acct & hopd he wd come to see us freely. I bantered him abot his appearance as a friend. He smiling said he hoped to be much plainer by the time he returned to Philada hinting as if he tho't S. Griffits was not the worse friend for his travails, but I shd not like his mother to tell him what I say. One of the Barclays told my G. D. he had received a letter from him ending with "yr very humble servt." . . . . . I treat him just as I used to do my Dick or Gideon, & gave him some Philada Bisquits. Abt a fortnight ago Br W. D. invited us to dine at Clapton. . . . they put me under Josey's care & we went in Larkins regular stage coach, which passes W. D's door several times in a day. I

being like the "monkey that had seen most of the world," could not help laughing in my sleeve at his surprise, and at the remarks that he made at the new sights & pretty places we passed. When we got out of the carriage (the coachman ringing the bell at the gate) J. N. said, how different they live here, from what we do in America! I broke off writing to receive M. & H. Bisset, they came in Br. Lamar's coach which waited at the door ab^{t} an hour & half while they staid. . . . . they said they never dined till 4, & were going a shopping. . . . . The dear creatures seemed very affectionate & chatty, bidding me to be sure to give their love & a kiss to Nunks, which is the name they call B^{r} Lamar by too. . . . . my very heart was drawn to poor Henrietta, who looked pale, has a cough & is short breath^{d}. She says she can't dance for it. . . . . They have been in town but a day or 2, so they've not seen J. N., they intend to have us there when he is invited. . . . . Sist^{r} Lamar lately heard from Sist^{r} Scott, who had her health much better than for a long time past. I'm afraid I shall find it difficult to send her one of the gammons, but will try. Thee can't imagine the difficulties attending things going thro the Custom house. Tho the Commerce & Willet have been so long arrived we did not receive the things till ab^{t} a week ago, & for want of proper care, poor dear sister Morris's Keg of Cranberries were stole off the Keys . . . . . 5th of the 1st m^{o} 1785. I fancy we were misinformed ab^{t} the loss of the cranberries, for 2 barrels & 2 kegs were sent to our lodgings just now. . . . . I sent Jo^{s} Stansberry's letters to him & he called on me the next day, I read him what concerned him, and the poor fellow's eyes filled with tears. He said that B^{r} Wells & thyself were such friends as were seldom to be met with. . . . . I went to see Sally at her grandfather Ogeers, who is since dead, he was then ill . . . . . her little heart was full. Oh, Mrs. D., said she, I hope S. D. will never come over here, unless she can expect more indulgence than I do, it's very, very hard. The old lady twisted her ab^{t} to shew how she had got her slip alter^{d} to a habit—"did ever any body see so great a girl in

a frock, hold up your head." She told me that S. had come over in a very bad time. How? said I. "Because her grandfather is so ill." The eldest daughter is an accomplished girl, is kept at a boarding school & comes home once a week. . . . . John Lindoe's niece of Norwich—her name was Marg^{t} Hopson, now Fincham—call'd to see me this morn^{g}, enquired kindly after & sent her love to Henry Drinker, Benj^{a} Swett & Sam^{l} Sansom. She's well married. . . . . John Lister, of Lotherbury, London, desires that enquiry may be made concerning one Jane Moreland, who was recommended to —— Harding a Roman Catholic Priest belonging to the Chapel of Philad^{a} ab^{t} the years 1751 or 52 . . . . . that being the time she went to America, & we have been informed of her being in Philad^{a} in the years 1759 & 60, we also were informed she was employed in the service of a Farmer, who was a Dissenter, ab^{t} 30 miles up the country & she desired her sister to direct to her at some place like the name of Newcastle Bridge. Now John Lister . . . . . can inform her of something to her advantage. . . . . A letter from Ireland of the 23rd from Rich^{d} Shackleton of Ballytone mentions that Tho^{s} Ross . . . . . was minded to unite with John Pemberton in his line of service, which is much among people of other persuasions. John P. has been lying by at Barclay Clibborns in Moat County Westmeath with a sore on the back of his right hand, which some have tho't cancerous. . . . . I sh^{d} be much obliged to my dear sister Morris if she would write a few lines to W^{m} Mathew's wife at York Town . . . . letting her know that her husband's grown fat, & writes my G. D. that he finds good wages in his service. . . . . Tell our dear Father Worrall & sister A. D. that this great dirty noisey city often turns our minds to our much loved Burlington, which is as great a contrast to it as one can well conceive, & the pavements are so different from the soft Turf there, that my poor feet & petticoat tails pay for it. . . . . D^{r} Fothergill's . . . sis^{t} Ann & myself are hand & glove. She has given me the yo ( ) . . . . she also gave me a handy little Desk top that was the Doct^{rs}. In the room where I

lodged, when at her house, are 2 nice small pieces of shell work, one of them a small Temple, made by Br Well's mother & presented to the Doctr. We see a little curiosity of one sort or other stuck abt the house. . . . . I was pleased with a little green bug, cased, with a magnifying glass at one end, the back of the insect appeared to be set with shining green stones . . . . my G. G. is more sweetly tender & affectionate to me than ever, his heart seems to overflow with gratitude for my attachment to him—our dear sistr L. & the girls seem fond of him, but they've not been to one meeting yet that I know of. I fancy they are afraid of being caught. Quakerism & Freedom is the same thing, to my thinking—this I tell them, but the dear creatures can't understand me. . . . . Don't send any preserves, my love —they have fruits of all the kinds we have, & by art bring them to great perfection. . . . . I don't know what my dear sister Moore will think of me for not going to see Kitty Mead. Bobby Barclay's wife told me that she had had bad fits some time ago, which greatly distressed Parson Duchee's wife, & that she had been removed from there a good while, & it was reported was got better of the fits. . . . . When thou sees Betsey Roberts & Nancy Emlen give my love to them, and to our good neighbours in 3rd Street & M. Craig. . . . . My dear A. D. remarks that there's no such thing as writing long letters without saying silly things (or to that purpose). Is not this letter a full proof. . . . . .

SARAH DILLWYN.